



Dimensions in Living *November 1966*

The Magazine Section of SIERRA MADRE NEWS

Bringing Up Baby®

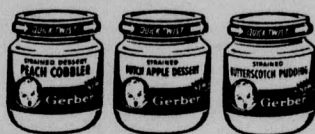
Hints Collected
by Mrs. Dan Gerber, Mother of Five

LATEST BABY BULLETIN

Serving a variety of foods to your baby is one of the best ways I know to make an appetite rise to every occasion. Variety is desirable for other reasons. It teaches baby the delights of different flavors. It lays the foundation for future good eating habits. Most important, variety gives baby a wider assortment of the many nutrients he (or she) needs.



What's new? I know you mothers like to hear about new products. Here are the latest delectables in the Gerber Dessert division. Each dessert is available in strained or junior varieties.



New! Peach Cobbler! Flavor-catch of the year! Juicy, ripe peaches are deftly blended with other ingredients for a "happy ending" if there ever was one. Vitamin-C enriched.

New! Dutch Apple Dessert! Applesaucy-good as all get out. Brightened with a sprinkling of cinnamon, smoothed with the tender touch of butter. (Vitamin C added, too.) Seconds anyone?

New! Butterscotch Pudding! A bonus in bliss for your lively little man or miss. Mellow, butterscotchy, dreamy smooth. Made with nourishing whole milk solids and eggs.

P.S. Don't forget those "old-time", all-time favorites: Gerber Strained and Junior Vanilla, Chocolate, and Cherry-Vanilla Puddings. Also on this tempting dessert roster: Strained Orange and Junior Banana Puddings, plus a delightful Fruit Dessert.

Easy-as-a-breeze Treat

Last minute, unexpected-company dessert: any of the Gerber Puddings make fine toppings on slices of pound cake. You can add a dollop of whipped cream to make the dish even more partyish. Try it for a toddler-and-whole-family treat. Gerber® Baby Products, Box 33, Fremont, Mich.



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CONTENTS GUIDE — Volume 1 Number 2

PAGE 4 • Beauty

THE HABIT OF BEAUTY

by Joan Crawford—Hitch your wagon to a star's success.

PAGE 6 • Architecture and Design

THE AUTOMOBILE: TOMORROW'S "RIDING ROOM"

by William Snaith—An "inside" look at the futuristic car.

PAGE 8 • Fashion

FASHION NIGHT-LIGHTS AND HIGHLIGHTS

by Constance Woodworth—All a-glitter for fall.

PAGE 10 • Humor

FOR WHOM

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY TOILS

by Marvin Kitman—Let the seller beware!

PAGE 11 • Feature

TEENPAGER

by Sonny Fox—The new outlet for the "in" group.

PAGE 12 • Life and Leisure

PETS: PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER, THEY SPELL S-T-A-T-U-S

by Suzanne Davis—Happiness—and affluence
—is a warm puppy.

PAGE 14 • Food

SAUCES SUPREME

by Helen McCully—A collection of sauce-y recipes.

PUBLISHER'S LETTER

DIMENSIONS IN LIVING enters its second campaign with its November issue. And like most new candidates at that uncertain stage, it is perhaps a trifle early to speculate on what lies ahead. But, with some of the "returns" still not in, it's evident that DIMENSIONS IN LIVING will carry the votes of the suburban readers of the country.

In order to continue to merit your support, we pledge a continuation of the same unique approach and editorial vitality that characterized DIMENSIONS IN LIVING's first issue. This month we add the beauty expertise of Joan Crawford, the views of Sonny Fox, the projections of William Snaith and the humor of Marvin Kitman to our previous "winning" formula. And the "slate" for our exciting December issue will be just the ticket for your reading enjoyment with a look at Christmas past, present and future, holiday fare and an "inside" look at the new Metropolitan Opera's exclusive "Donor's Room."

Once again we thank you for making DIMENSIONS IN LIVING the "people's choice."

Elmer Wexler



DIMENSIONS IN LIVING commissioned noted artist Norman Laliberté to interpret the season for its November cover. Laliberté's colorful style is uniquely applied to our beautiful Thanksgiving cover theme.

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DAYTON A. CORNISH

Assistant Publisher
& Advertising Director

BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR

Managing Editor

MAE HILLMAN WEXLER

Art Editor

JACQUES ZUCCAIRE

Art Director

KAY WISTER

Women's Editor

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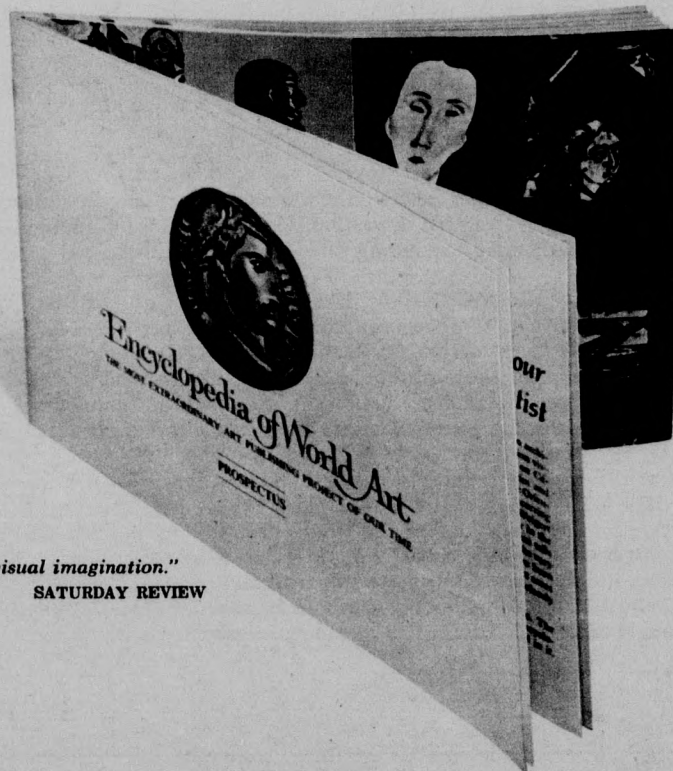
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JOAN CRAWFORD —



Joan Crawford, internationally-known movie star and business executive, has appeared in over eighty movies, dating back to 1925. One of the few super-stars to make the transition from silent films to "talkies," she has won three Academy Award nominations and an Oscar for "Mildred Pierce" in 1945. Miss Crawford is currently a member of the Board of Directors of the Pepsi-Cola Co. and the Frito-Lay Co., and is starring in a new Columbia release.

■ When I was a little girl I was told, repeatedly, that pride goeth before a fall. Happily I never got the message, went right on being prideful. I am prideful still. And pride, I've discovered, goes before many other things than a fall, above all before a never-ending desire to attain your highest potential, mental and physical.

I consider myself neither vain nor frivolous in my constant quest for beauty. I think of myself rather as practical. For it would be a woeful waste, it seems to me, to neglect whatever sheen I can bring to my hair, whatever tone I can bring to my skin and whatever symmetry I can bring to my body.

I was fortunate. I was drilled in beauty care by the Hollywood experts. Therefore the habits which I practice are sound and, so, therapeutic. Never, for instance, would I brush my hair with a downward stroke. I brush up and out. Never would I massage my face—or take off cream or put on a make-up base—with any downward motion. Or with such a heavy touch that I might break down the skin structure. And I always finish my lipstick by using a lipstick liner of the same shade as the lipstick—for a smoother, softer contour. Then I end with a little imperceptible upward flip. Lines that rise are youthful. Lines that sag are aging.

Of all the things that Hollywood has taught me, the greatest, I would say, is the ability to regard myself impersonally. This I have learned from all the make-up experts and hairdressers who have kept me sitting in their salon chairs for hours while they experimented with cosmetic techniques and colors and hair-lines. Thanks to their influence, I'm quite capable of marking the placement of my eyes, the modeling of my face, the cut of my mouth and the way my hair grows as though all these things belonged not to me, but to a plaster mannequin.

Women tend to preen before their mirror. They may do this in anticipation of the seduction of a new red lipstick, never pausing to consider that the intensity of its color may be aging. Or they purse their mouth or suck in their cheeks to enhance their image. They observe themselves emotionally, not clinically. This undoubtedly proves pleasant for the moment. But it can be decidedly impoverishing. For only by appraising ourselves honestly can we make the most of ourselves.

I was fascinated, several months ago, when Perc Westmore appeared on Art Linkletter's show. I suspect Perc's transformation of a woman from the audience was spell-binding to many who watched. But actually, had this woman been trained to observe herself objectively, she could have done for herself what Perc did for her. To give her greater beauty and for a simpler, smoother look, he brushed some of the curl out of her hair. He pulled back her long bangs, to make her round face seem more provocative and slender. And he extended the space between her eyebrows, to lend her a more relaxed expression and to make her eyes appear larger. To make sure that eyebrows do not seem to pull together, and understate them at the same time, brows should end on a line with the outside of the nostrils.

Perc Westmore used to do my screen make-up. But for years now I've had Monte Westmore who, like Perc, is highly skilled and trained. Wherever in the world I'm working I wire him, "Help!," explaining I need more of such and such. Always it arrives as fast as air-mail can fly it. I experiment with new formulas and colors, of course, but I don't switch to new products impulsively. I try very hard not to be confused by all the new products and their claims. Those who rush out and haphazardly buy boxes of this and bottles of that become—to borrow Perc's word—*make-up-holics*.

Glamor doesn't come in boxes or bottles, although it undoubtedly gains an assist from the things within. Glamor derives from allotting sufficient time every day to bathing, keeping a face scrupulously clean, applying make-up with subtlety, manicuring and pedicuring, exercising and doing everything possible to keep hair fresh and healthy and arranged becomingly.

Those who are born attractive tend to be less conscientious about beauty care than those who start out on the plain side. Beauties are lulled into a false sense of security by the compliments they receive, the admiring whispers they overhear and the fair reflection in their mirrors. Consequently, they often spend the last two-thirds of their lives less attractive than they should have been. Those who are plain, on the other hand, are likely to increase in attractiveness because of their constant need to reach for every vestige of beauty and grooming that is possible to them. I've known several quite plain women who, through beauty care, outdistanced erstwhile beauties—like the tortoise and the off-to-a-good-start hare.

When I work in movies I wear very thin professional make-up, but suntan in color. I can never get it off fast enough or thoroughly enough. To remove it, I use mineral oil twice on my face and neck. Then I wash them gently with soap and moderately hot water to make sure I get all the cleanser off, too. When I have used only street make-up I apply my oil cleanser just once at night and use soap and water about twice a week. Some cosmeticians advise that soap and water are drying. But I've gone contrary to this expertise for years, cautiously at first. In all beauty practices I proceed slowly and surely. And my skin is not dry—perhaps because I counter this possibility with the oil. Incidentally, I use the same thick mineral oil for sun-bathing.

THE HABIT OF BEAUTY

as told to Adele Whitely Fletcher

I wear no make-up when I am alone around the house. I like my skin to have a chance to breathe. And I'm satisfied this serves me well. When I get up in the morning I wash my face with warm water. Then I put on a lipstick to harmonize with the color I'm wearing. If I expect anyone, I may dust my face with a little powder. And that's it.

To make beauty a habit takes time, no question about it. But it's an investment that yields rich returns over many years.

Hair care I find particularly time consuming.

How often to shampoo? That's the question! And usually the answer is predicated on whether the hair normally is dry or oily and whether it is tinted. My hair is dry and it also is tinted. And I, who therefore should not have frequent shampoos, have them, by necessity, every other day when I'm in the studios, otherwise twice a week. But, using an old-fashioned, hair-bristled brush, I brush and brush the natural oil back into it.

There is nothing more deadly than reading about exercises, unless it is doing them. But there are two exercises, piece and parcel of my daily beauty routine, that I value highly enough to recommend. I understand that this exercise is required by football coaches as a muscle strengthener. And it is axiomatic that an exercise which strengthens the muscles also firms them and breaks down fatty tissue. My second exercise makes a beautiful contribution to posture and does slimming things for ankles.

For my first exercise I lie flat on the floor. The floor, good and hard, serves better than any bed. I bring up my legs as far as they will go. Because I've been a dancer my legs will go all the way to the floor behind my shoulders. Most legs won't. Then, slowly, I bring my legs back and down. When my heels are a few inches from the floor I hold them for the count of ten—and repeat the exercise ten times.

For my second exercise I kick off my shoes and stand against the wall. I wriggle back until my heels, buttocks and shoulders touch the wall. Then, extending every muscle upwards and backwards, slowly and cat-like, I bring the small of my back close enough to touch the wall.

Needless to say I'm meticulous about having a healthy diet and sufficient rest. Here lies the bedrock of beauty. Here lies a brightness of eye. Here lies a vitality that is reflected in the voice and the carriage, and a spontaneous—not trumped-up—enthusiasm.

There are women who are very careful to entertain no emotion that might produce wrinkles. That's not for me. I don't want to look as if I'd been punished by life; but I do want to look as if I'd lived!

In a sequence of a fairly recent movie I made I had to play a 25-year-old girl. The make-up department thought to make this practical by using "fish-skin." After the first bit of fish-skin was applied I found I couldn't move my mouth naturally. "Off with it!" I shouted. "If you can't make me look 25-years-old with lights and camera it's no go!"

I would be terrified to have my face lifted for fear I wouldn't be able to cry or laugh or, occasionally, scream. I like to use my face. Also, I'm convinced the more we exercise facial muscles, the less constrained we look and the fewer discontented-looking wrinkles we have.

A French teacher once told me that Parisiennes aren't nearly as prone as American or British women to either a "wooden look" or those wretched little wrinkles that seem to pull down the mouth, because the articulation of French requires so much more facial activity.

To attain our greatest physical attraction we must, of course, keep mentally and spiritually alive. Let anyone who doubts this compare the dull heavy way her face feels when she's bored, with the light uplifted way her face feels when she's stimulated or amused.

My late husband, Alfred Steele, who was Chairman of the Board of the Pepsi-Cola Company, once told me that Magda Lupescu, for whom King Carol II of Rumania abdicated his throne, was one of the most memorable women he'd ever met.

"I first saw Lupescu across a room," he said "and thought her quite ugly. Her features were not good and she was far too tall—gawky really. But when we talked she so charmed me by her gaiety, her warm empathy and some inner quality she had that made me feel important, that I decided she was a very beautiful woman indeed."

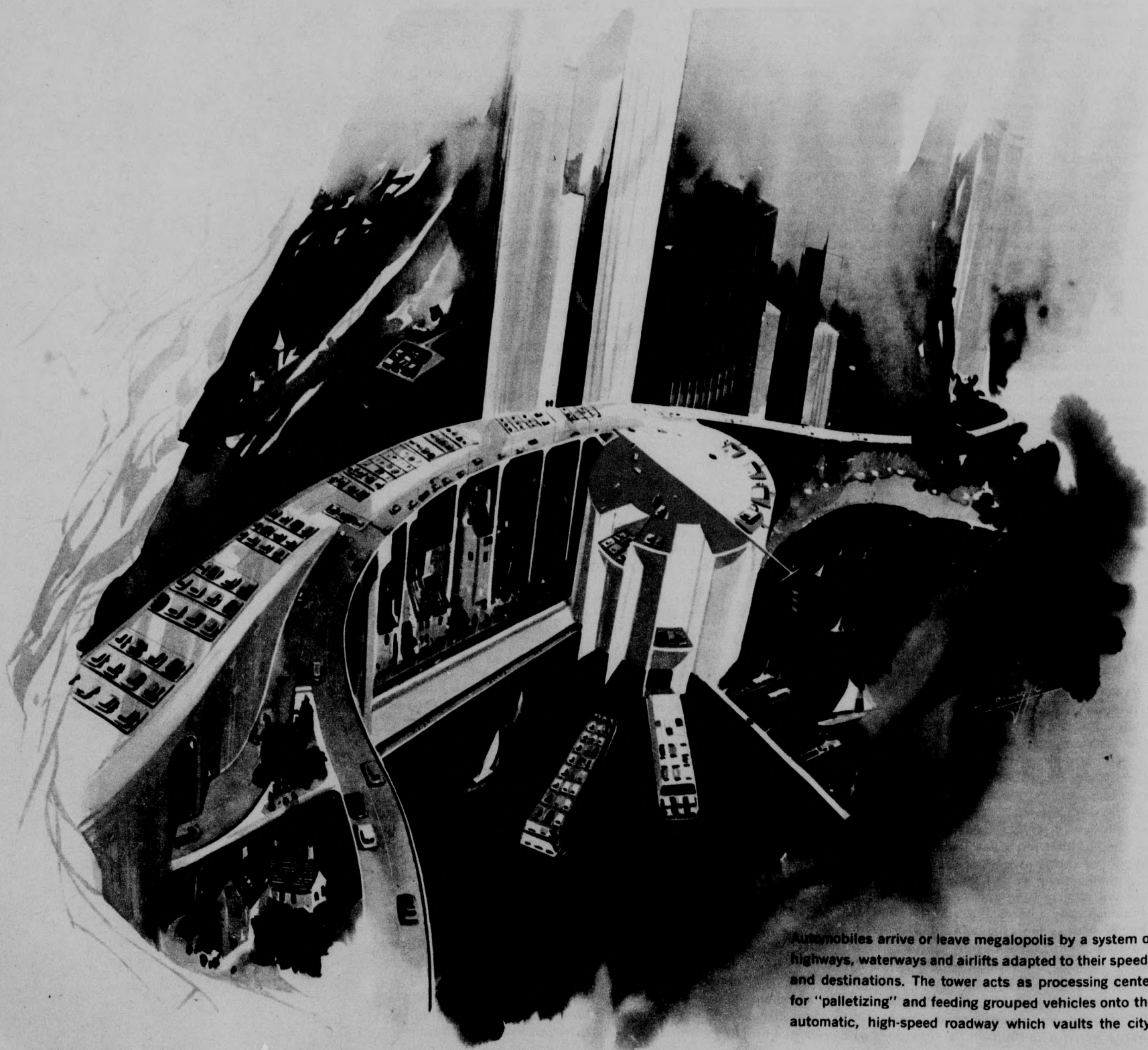
We never should minimize the way thoughts and feelings creep into our eyes and our voices and reshape our mouths, momentarily at first, then permanently; or the mystifying and mystical way that such emotions as responsiveness and generosity of spirit or, contrarily, pettiness and selfishness, show beneath facial contours.

I make beauty a habit. But I do not allow it to become a fetish.

I've no wish to look like a beautiful waxwork. But I do want to come as close as I possibly can to being a beautiful woman. I want this not only for the sake of beauty but also because it is only when I know I look my best that I can step out with the greatest joy and confidence ■

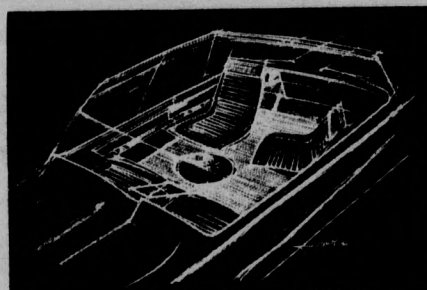
When a rising young starlet named Lucille Le Seur was dancing in the Winter Garden chorus line, the old Movie Weekly magazine conducted a contest among its readers to re-name her. The editor of Movie Weekly, Adele Whitely Fletcher, selected a name from the thousands of entries submitted that has since become legendary—Joan Crawford.

THE AUTOMOBILE:



Automobiles arrive or leave megalopolis by a system of highways, waterways and airlifts adapted to their speeds and destinations. The tower acts as processing center for "palletizing" and feeding grouped vehicles onto the automatic, high-speed roadway which vaults the city.

TOMORROW'S "RIDING ROOM"



By William Snaith

William Snaith is President of Raymond Loewy/William Snaith, Inc., one of the world's best-known industrial design organizations. Typed by a literary critic as a "Twentieth Century Renaissance Man," Snaith is an architect, painter, ocean racer, and author of two books, "The Irresponsible Arts" and "Across the Western Ocean."

In a timely and important study, William Snaith, noted designer and architect, looks at one of the most urgent and neglected problems in our modern society—the problem of urban transportation — and explores some possible solutions to this all-important question.

The design of automobiles during the half century or so since Tin Lizzies first coursed the U.S. highways has aesthetically evolved and then . . . stalled. Historically, the automobile claims as its antecedents the wagon and carriage of yesteryear. Specifically, the metamorphosis of these classic constructions into today's chariots of steel and glass has produced no such lasting monuments of functional architecture as have appeared in other areas of design.

The shape of the car of the future will depend directly on the adaptation of the vehicle to rapid, and continuous, technological change. Its size will be affected. When a city can no longer — on a purely physical basis—supply space for an enormously increased influx of automobiles, the vehicles themselves will perforce become smaller. Air pollution will become a controlling factor. Several years ago my partner, Raymond Loewy, suggested battery-powered cars as a means to free urban areas of contamination. (General Electric today is working on the design of an automobile that can be switched over from battery-power, for city driving, to gasoline, for long-range driving at speed.)

And what of the changes in highway construction? The experts envisage highways that will not be highways at all, but airways, as it were—traffic

patterns (or "pallettes") arranged for air-supported vehicles. What happens to the principles of classic design if the car—perhaps driverless—is to be fed into such patterns by computer and guided by electronic membranes?

Such machines need not contain what we think of now as the typical requirements of wheeled vehicles. Instead, they will become containers for human beings, "people packages" or capsules, guided by sources of power now only partially known.

In these new capsules we may expect great comfort and many conveniences to offset boredom and unease. The expressive features of the car-capsules—whatever its form—will be its interior. This area offers exciting prospects. Passengers may face to the rear or sideways, as in a room. The cars will, indeed, be "Riding Rooms," if you will.

For the time being we can take advantage of our still-retained freedom from such an ordered society. We may still dream of an automobile that, while conforming to safety and other standards, can be truly sculptural and beautiful. In which case, the automobiles being produced today may well be the last great example of the coachmaker's art, and a lasting heritage we could pass on to future generations.

Fashion Night-light

by Constance Woodworth

Woman's Editor of the old New York Journal-American,
now with Town & Country magazine.

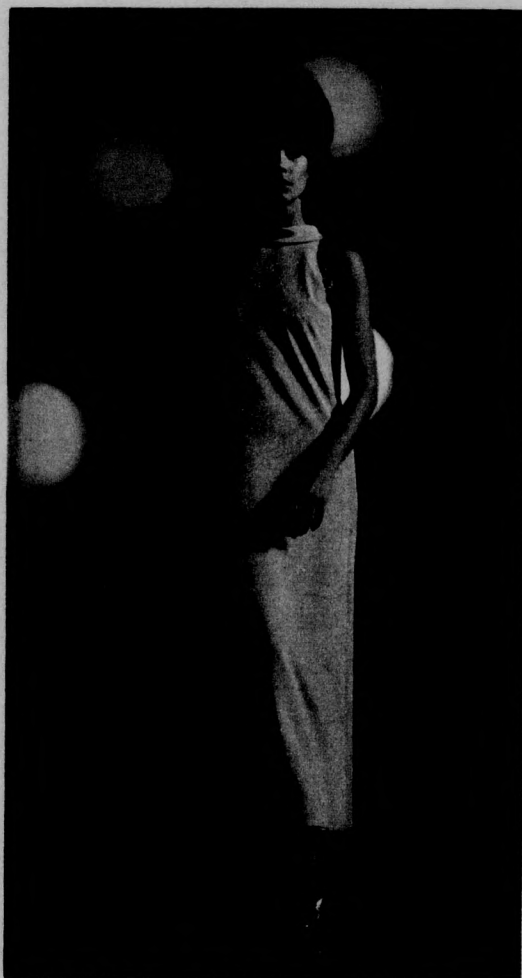
When lights go on these nights, the seeds of mischief are in the air. The sharper winds of autumn have set a different pace and soon another holiday season commences. Expectancy is the key word—and fashion, with a new face, moves into the spotlight.

Certain to be high on the list at this time of year are those moments when a woman knows she is the belle of the party and the prettiest-gowned gal in the room. This will not have happened because she wears an astonishingly daring new silhouette. Rather, it's a serene allure that allows her to shine as a gentle beauty in a soft gown with a new luminous quality. It's understated glitter, the likes of which has not been seen in years.

Here are three gowns to make you the belle of many parties.

Their lines have the seductiveness of soft crepe, their colorings contain a deliciousness of candied almonds, and their snap comes from the added bonus of sparkling jeweled embroideries.

(right) A white crepe with silver and white beaded shoulder straps and bows; about \$160. (far right) A pale wheat crepe collared and cuffed in gold embroidery; about \$225. (left) A long flowing apricot gown banded with pink and topaz glitter; about \$550. Evening gowns by Hannah Troy; jewelry by KJL; shoes by Fiorentina.



Photographs by Myron Miller

ights and Highlights



For whom the Bell (Telephone Company) Toils

by Marvin Kitman

Every morning in some big-city skyscraper conference room I'm sure something like this conversation takes place:

"How are we going to meet our sales quotas today, sir?"

"Call 'Kitman Marvin Writr . . . Leonia NJ' " says the vice-president. "He's loaded."

I owe my reputation for being a big spender to the fact that I have a telephone. Every day some shrewd salesman or charity fund-raiser looks me up in the local Dun & Bradstreet, which is the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company's Bergen County directory. I'm listed there in stock-market-page type along with 288,946 other northern New Jersey millionaires with phones.

My wife almost never says "No" to a phone solicitation—or to a door-to-door salesman, for that matter. I declared a new deal in both categories when I started working at home as a freelance writer. "From now on only I talk to salesmen or volunteer workers," I said confidently. "Nobody is going to be bilked around here anymore."

Rather than trigger a depression by suddenly saying "Sorry, Bankrupt!" I decided to use a little business psychology. My plan was to make them feel as if they had somehow muffed the sale.

"Is the woman of the house in?" asked the first caller.

Assuming she meant the boss of the house, I answered, "Speaking. Can I help you?"

"We're conducting a survey of American homes," explained a tough career woman's voice. "And your name has been given to us because you're an opinion leader in the community. If you'll answer a few. . ."

"I'm sorry, miss," I interrupted what sounded like a memorized speech. "I thought you were selling magazines. I'm a busy man, but I'm always ready to help a girl working her way through college selling magazines."

Something I said acted like truth serum on the caller. "As a matter of fact," she cooed, "I am calling for the publishers of Life magazine. They have a wonderful gift subscription price just for you. It works out to only nine cents a copy."

"That's a little steep, isn't it?" I asked coldly.

"It's the lowest price in our history," she said in a shocked tone. "But we're willing to make this sacrifice because once you become familiar with Life you'll agree no American home should be without it."

Just then the doorbell rang. I quietly placed the phone receiver on my desk and ran to the front door, where a man was waiting. "I don't want any

today," I said cordially.

He smiled and explained that coincidentally he happened to be with a home remodeling firm and wanted to discuss some possible improvements.

He was stopping by to do me a favor. His company's truck had just finished dropping off a load of blacktop at another house in town. There happened to be a little bit left over on the truck, just enough to resurface my driveway at a special low price.

"What color is it?"

"Asphalt's black," he said.

"Wrong color," I said. "If you have any in red on the back of the truck, you've got a deal. But don't call me; I'll call you."

I took his card and rushed back to the phone. The woman was still talking about how swell Life was. ". . . And for participating in this survey, you're also entitled to two free magazines every month."

"I'll take it," I said quickly.

"I knew I could count on you," she said. "For how many years do you want Life?"

"You don't seem to understand. I only want the two free magazines you just said I was entitled to." I gave her the addresses of friends' houses where I wanted the magazines sent for Christmas. "And will you be sure to put in gift cards."

The door bell rang again. A heavily made-up woman in her late 20's or early 40's greeted me cheerfully. "I don't want any," I said.

"I'm the woman from Beauty Counselors," she said gaily. "Your wife asked me to stop by today to show her our entire line of cosmetics."

Not wanting to disappoint her, I decided the least I could do was supply her with the name of another prospect. I gave her the phone number of the asphalt guy. They would certainly understand each other's language. Then I rushed back to the phone. But the Life lady had hung up. She sounded intelligent, and I hoped she had all the addresses and names straight.

"Is Suzy Kitman in?" the next caller asked. "I'm from the Dow-Jones Company, and we'd like to know if she is planning to renew her subscription to the Wall Street Journal."

"I'll ask her when she gets back from school."

"Oh, is she away at college?" the self-assured woman asked.

"No, she's away at second grade at the Anna C. Scott Elementary School in Leonia."

It was so quiet you could hear a market drop. "We've sent Miss Kitman several letters asking her to renew," she finally said, plunging back into her sales pitch. "Didn't it meet her requirements?"

"To tell you the truth, I gave her the subscription as a going-back-to-school present. It was costing me so much for her new school clothes we found we simply couldn't make ends meet on \$7,000 a year. Then I saw your ads saying we could earn \$20,000 a year just by reading the Journal regularly."

"Families earn extra income by reading the Journal," she said proudly. "Has it worked for you?"

"Since we started reading the paper, my income has dropped. It takes so long to read the Journal from cover to cover, I haven't had time to do my other work."

Very much agitated, the saleswoman said she would give my name to the circulation manager and he would straighten everything out.

The next caller said she was with the Fred Astaire Dance Studio.

"We have an important question," the woman said. "What was the name of the first President of the United States?"

I shrewdly answered, "John Adams."

"That's close enough," she said breathlessly. "Congratulations! You've just won a free trial lesson at the Fred Astaire Dance Studio nearest your

home. This is your chance to learn the dance steps that may have kept you from achieving social success."

I knew that I had to be on my toes to avoid this trap; once you fall into a dance studio's clutches, it sometimes takes a lifetime to really learn how to dance.

"Will Fred himself be able to teach me the gavotte in my free lesson?" I asked.

"Isn't there another dance you'd like to learn?" she asked.

"The minuet," I exclaimed, certain that I had heard the last from the Fred Astaire people.

I didn't start running into real trouble until a caller near the end of the day said, "Mental Health. May I speak to Mrs. Kitman?"

"I wish you would," I said. "She's been very depressed since I started working at home. I think she misses not being able to talk on the phone any more."

"We're planning to make a pick-up on Monday," she said.

"I absolutely refuse to let you pick her up."

"There must be some misunderstanding," she said. "We don't want to pick up your wife. Only her old clothes."

"Who are you anyway?" I asked suspiciously.

"I represent the Bergen County Mental Health Association," she explained. "I have so many calls on my schedule I just say 'Mental Health' and the women immediately know what I'm calling about."

That would explain what that other woman meant when she said "Malaria." No wonder she seemed puzzled when I said, "We don't want any." She was only a volunteer worker for the New Jersey Foundation to Wipe Out Mosquitoes.

By the end of the week everybody knew that the Kitman house was under new sound business management. It wasn't until the next week that I began to suspect everything wasn't going right. Three copies of Life arrived in the mail. By the addressographed labels I could see somebody had ordered three subscriptions to the same magazine. Several days later the Wall Street Journal began arriving. And when I went outside to find out why the truck was dumping red asphalt on my driveway, I stumbled over a small end table tagged with a label, "Yellow Jaundice Charity Pick Up Bazaar." I looked up in time to see a shapely woman getting her high heels stuck in the red asphalt.

"About your gavotte lesson . . ." the Fred Astaire representative sang out, trying to keep her balance while she was putting her footprints in the asphalt—one, two, three, sidestep.

I rushed back into the house and called my business representative at New Jersey Bell. "There's something wrong with my phone," I explained. "I don't seem to be getting through to people."

"We'll send a man over right away," she said.

Well, I wasn't going to fall for that trick. They would probably try to sell me another extension. I quickly explained what had been happening.

"Did you ever think of just hanging up on these people?" she asked.

"And ruin my reputation in the business world?" I asked.

I finally found a way to handle the problem. Now when people call, I just say: "Sorry, wrong number."

Marvin Kitman made sure his first book would be a number-one best seller by titling it "The Number-One Best Seller." He is the news-managing editor of Monicle magazine and a regular contributor to the Saturday Evening Post and Playboy. At present he is the writer-in-residence at Kitman House, Leonia, N. J.

SONNY TEENPAGER FOX



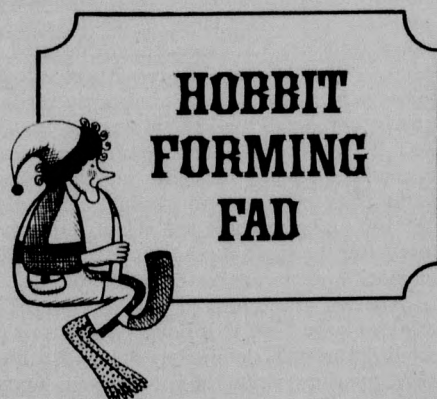
A recent issue of Look devoted its entire contents to the consideration of the teen-ager and asked the question: Who listens to these 25 million young Americans? Look magazine then answered its own question: Too few adults do; it is time they all did.

One adult has been listening to young Americans for some time. He is Sonny Fox and he is attempting to bridge the wide gulf that lies between them and their parents. Because he has been so identified with this generation, which he calls "exciting," and because he "digs" its members without always agreeing with them, DIMENSIONS IN LIVING will bring him to you each month.



Sonny's credentials are numerous indeed. One of his activities is serving as moderator of TV panel shows in the East for young people, aged 13 to 19, during which he not only "listens" to those in his audience, but also talks with them. He is the recipient of 5 "Emmy" nominations for outstanding television achievements and has just completed a movie with Rosanno Brazzi.

Because Sonny has become one of their spokesmen and because DIMENSIONS IN LIVING believes that his views and the views of the "take-over" generation are vital, Teenpacer will be a continual feature each and every month in DIMENSIONS IN LIVING.



Bilbo, Baggins, Gollum, Frodo, Smaug and Middle-earth. If someone whispers these odd-sounding names to you don't think that they're gone off the deep-end or are quoting names from Gulliver's Travels, Alice in Wonderland or Captain Marvel. They are merely reciting some of the fanciful names that are featured in a new book called "The Hobbit."

the creation that comes from the fertile mind of J. R. R. Tolkien, an English Professor at Oxford University. And, if you want to be "with it" you'd better get to know more about this newest sensation, "The Hobbit."

Professor Tolkien created his characters for children. They have now captured the imagination of all ages in England, in a similar manner to the works of another Oxford Don named Lewis Carroll. "The Hobbit" is not only a book, it is a state of mind and a national phenomenon now sweeping students—high school and college alike—as no other literature since James Bond.

A hobbit is defined as being smaller than a dwarf, but larger than a Lilliputian and "inhobbits" the never-never land of the Middle-earth. Tolkien's "Girl Scout fairies" provide us with a Wizard who possesses a Magic Wand and a ring which makes the wearer invisible. In his *Theater of the Absurd*, Tolkien's amazing and amusing characters transcend space and time and provide students plagued by the confusing world situation and the draft with a perfect means of escape. (However, it must be noted that real Tolkien addicts dislike any reference to their world as one of "escape.")

Tolkien invented a hobbit language (not unlike Jaberwocky and sounding something like "Shazam"), a hobbit calendar and a hobbit genealogical tree. It has all been collected in this country in a delightful Ballantine book called "The Lord of the Rings." My suggestion to you is to read this book. This is one fad that should be around for a while.

KILROY WAS HERE

The recent rash of written inscriptions, figures or designs scrawled on walls, sidewalks, rocks (they are called graffiti, from the Italian word for "scratchings") are a good bit different from markings of yesteryear such as "Frank loves Milly" or

"Kilroy was here." Nobody really seemed to care much about those—except maybe Milly and Kilroy.

But, today's teen-ager is much more sophisticated and among the wall-writings can be found sayings reflecting such issues as the world situation, politics and religion.

Some current favorites I've noted include:

"Judge Crater, Call Your Office Immediately."

"Draft Beer, Not Students."

"Chicken Little Was Right."

"God Is Not Dead, He's Just Unemployed."

"Bring Back the Edsel."

"Girl Scouts Wear Green Berets."

"Clytemnestra Loves Agamemnon."

"I'll Never Forget What's-Her-Name."

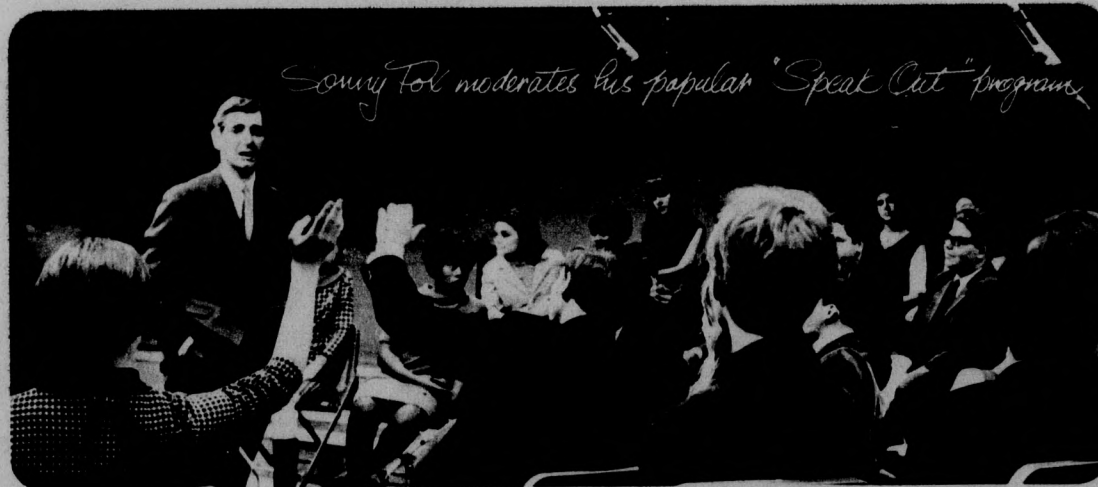
and "Death Is Nature's Way of Telling You to Slow Down!"

Whereas not much can be said for the defacement of property, it must be noted that "Stop the World, I Want To Get Off!" appeared as graffiti long before Anthony Newley named his show, and that Robert Saffron says he found the title for his new book, "Is the U.S. Ready for Self-Government?" on a wall. I'm not advocating that you use walls as scratch pads—but if you should happen to note any interesting graffiti—send them along to Teenpacer so that our readers can share in your enjoyment.

Teenpacer Forum

Our President has said he wants to know what teen-agers think about the present draft laws. We therefore offer you an opportunity to address your opinions on this vital subject to the "Mail Bag," Teenpacer, Dimensions in Living, Grand Central Station, P.O. Box 3634, New York, New York 10017. We invite all members of the exciting teen-age generation to participate in this forum. Those letters which merit publication will be used on this page, and all of them will be acknowledged.

- Do you think the 2-S provision of the draft law is fair?
- Do you think that everyone here, as in Switzerland, should serve one or two years of military duty when they reach 18?
- Do you think girls should face the draft?
- Do you think that service in the Peace Corps or in the Domestic Corps should be credited as military service?



pets: put them all together they spell s·t·a·t·u·s

Ever since Benjamin Franklin brought the first real bathtub to America from France, Americans have been keenly aware of certain tangible marks of social advantage known as "status symbols." The bathtub is now old hat. More recent status symbols include black-and-white TV (still "in" if the screen is smaller than five inches), color TV ("in" if it works), "underground" books that can be read before anyone else has heard of them, unlisted phone numbers and large accumulations of tournament-bridge honor points.

One of today's newest and biggest symbols is pets — all kinds — but with emphasis on the out-of-the-ordinary. The more unusual, exotic and expensive the birds and beasts are, the more desirable they've come to be.

There are currently 54 million dogs and cats in this country; 20 million canaries, parakeets and tropical birds of one sort or another; something over 2 million hamsters, white rats, chimpanzees,

By Suzanne Davis

Suzanne Davis has written many amusing pet stories, including the recent favorite—"Barking Up the Wrong Tree."

turtles, dolphins, lions and other likable creatures, and an estimated 650 million tropical fish.

In the cat and dog world, the trend toward the chic is exemplified by the fact that the demand for Persian and angora kittens (\$65 apiece) is so great that it cannot be met, and that Siamese kittens (\$75 apiece) can no longer be found. And not every canine is ultrapopular. Bassets, boxers and cocker spaniels, once very stylish, are now running far behind poodles and beagles in popularity.

For the collector with truly exotic taste, why not a Galapagos turtle from those islands in the Pacific? They weigh from 150 to 200 pounds, cost \$5 a pound and like to live on estates. They have a life span of over 200 years, and so are a good item to pass on to one's great-grandchildren as a nice "little" inheritance. And they have a rare effect on visitors. "My guests rarely mention it when my big fellow pokes his head out of the shrubbery," says a Long Island stockbroker, "but following his appearance I notice that traffic at the terrace bar falls off a bit."

Dolphins are cheaper—around \$300 apiece. But as any dolphin owner will tell you, it's not the original cost, it's the upkeep that mounts up. J. P. Morgan once said that anyone who has to ask how much it costs to run a yacht shouldn't buy

one. It's the same with dolphins, who eat 15 to 20 pounds of fish a day. (Many of the jolly fellows, by the way, are named Flipper, these days, after the television star of the same name.)

But it isn't necessary to have an estate or a swimming pool the size of the Everglades to sport an exotic pet. Other large "symbols" are iguanas, which cost only \$2 apiece, and deodorized skunks, about \$40. Birdwise, Empress Eugenie hummingbirds, which sell at \$125, and myna birds, which can be purchased for \$35 before they have learned to talk, and for \$100 and up after they have, add something fancy to a plain old bird cage. Lion cubs are very chic, and available for only \$500. Almost as fashionable are ocelots and margays—the latter the spotted wildcats that resemble small ocelots. Each retails for about \$125.

Anyone who thinks of an aquarium as a small tank or large bowl that houses guppies or goldfish or tiny turtles is definitely not up with the times. An aquarium, circa 1966, is aerated, heated, illuminated, "landscaped" and stocked with Lionheads, Angel fish, Celestial and Blind Caves and rainbow-hued fishes. Prices vary. An "ordinary" Lionhead, for example, goes for about \$25, but championship stock—pedigreed Lionheads with raspberry colored "manes"—can cost hundreds.

All in all, the cost mounts up. Pet-owners spend



Illustrations by Dik Browne

\$3 billion annually on their friends, with dog and cat food alone accounting for nearly \$750 million—twice the sum that is spent on baby food!

To service these animals, there are more than 22,000 veterinarians in this country who have, through modern canine medicines, almost doubled a dog's life span, introduced planned doghood with birth control pills and established blood banks and laboratories to check animals for diabetes. Today's dogs can be fitted with false teeth, contact lenses and hearing aids. An operation can cost as much as \$2,000.

Anyone who doesn't think that vets are equipped to accommodate the latest in status symbols is referred to the case of a woman who recently moved to a suburban community. When her dog came down with a case of pip the first day she was there, she phoned the nearest vet. A soft-spoken female answered, listened sympathetically to an account of the animal's symptoms, then politely asked the breed of the dog. "Toby's a cocker spaniel," she was told. "Oh, I'm so sorry," the receptionist said sadly. "You see, Dr. X specializes only in French poodles."

Pets which are not stylish to begin with can be given a push toward high style. Cats, for example, are no longer put out for the night; they are clad in pajamas and placed in little indoor houses com-

plete with catnip mice and scratching posts. A West Coast department store that advertised flannelette pajamas with feline paw prints on them, at \$2.49 each, sold over 1,000 pairs in a single week.

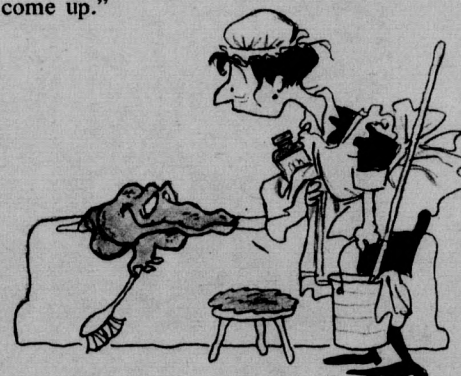
Other examples of ways to make your pet the "cat's meow" include pink and blue kitten books, sold at \$2, with proper spaces for photographs and notations at different ages. It could be embarrassing if someone were to ask, "When did Felice lose her milk teeth?" With the scrapbook, you know. (This type of preoccupation with pets often sets up a new kind of "eternal triangle"—the husband, the wife, and the pet.)

There are also dog cookbooks with special recipes for old dogs, nervous dogs and expectant dogs. Dogs, cats, birds and other pets, can, of course, be professionally photographed (a dozen glossies will cost about \$35). For a more lasting remembrance, oil portraits start at only \$95.

For canaries or parakeets there are musical perches, at \$3.98, that play Strauss waltzes. And birds can be diapered so that they may have complete freedom of the house.

Dog-worshippers can attire their pets in a complete wardrobe, limited only by how much they want to put on the dog. A mink coat can cost as much as \$500, and an imitation coat only \$25. A dog, believe it or not, can smell the difference.

Whatever the animal, and no matter how much attention is paid him, it is doubtful that he will ever replace another "status symbol," that dearest "pet" of them all—the household helper. And it may be that you will have to choose between them. This thesis is best illustrated by a story involving a suburbanite who was given a 3-foot alligator by a friend. Not knowing what else to do with it, the new owner put it in her bathtub and went out shopping. When she returned, she found this note from her maid, who had come in during her absence: "I quit. I won't work in a house which has an alligator in the bathtub. I'd have told you this before, but I didn't think it would ever come up."



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Many a meal—perhaps, even a modest one—has been turned into a minor (at least) gastronomic triumph by the addition of one perfect sauce. (As a matter of record, only one rich sauce should correctly be served at one meal.)

Delicious as a vegetable may be, when dressed only with melted butter, it takes on new dimensions when accompanied by a golden Hollandaise; a steak, brown and rich on the outside, pink and succulent within, moves into *haute cuisine circles* if sauced with the elegant Béarnaise; and the traditional great round Holiday Pudding, decked with holly, carried flaming to the table, becomes a memorable experience when served with Cognac-perfumed Hard Sauce, bright with candied cherries.

Add these splendid recipes for sauces supêmes to your kitchen repertoire and you're well on your way to becoming a sophisticated saucier—par excellence!


SAUCES SUPRÊME

Classic Hollandaise Sauce

1/4 pound (1 stick) sweet butter (cold)
2 egg yolks
1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice
1/4 teaspoon salt
Dash cayenne pepper

Cut the cold butter into three even pieces. Place one of the pieces with yolks and lemon juice in the top of a double-boiler. Whip, with a wire whisk, over hot, *not boiling*, water until butter has melted and mixture is thick and creamy. Add the second piece of butter, whipping constantly. When it, too, is completely combined and sauce is again thick and creamy, add the third piece of butter. When creamy, take off the heat, and beat in salt and cayenne. Makes about $\frac{3}{4}$ cup.

Hollandaise is always served tepid, *not hot*. Keep warm in a pan of tepid water, *not over direct heat*.

Serve with cooked asparagus, cauliflower, leeks, broccoli, poached eggs, green onions or poached fish.

Blender Hollandaise

1/4 pound (1 stick) sweet butter
3 egg yolks
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1/4 teaspoon salt
Pinch cayenne pepper

Combine yolks, lemon juice, salt and cayenne in blender container.

Melt butter over moderate heat until it bubbles.

Cover container, turn motor to high. *Immediately* remove cover and quickly add the hot, melted butter in a steady stream. Once all the butter is in, turn off the motor. Serve at once or keep warm. Makes about $\frac{3}{4}$ cup.

If Hollandaise curdles or refuses to thicken, it can be salvaged thus: Rinse a bowl in hot water, then dry. To it add 1 teaspoon of lemon juice and 1 tablespoon of the curdled Hollandaise. Beat with a wire whip until sauce becomes creamy and thickens. Beat in the remainder of the sauce, a half table-

spoon at a time, beating after each addition until it has thickened.

Hollandaise can be stretched (if the occasion should arise) by folding in some heavy cream, whipped, or one or two stiffly-beaten egg whites.

To freeze Hollandaise, spoon into a suitable container and cover securely. To serve, bring to tepid temperature gradually, in a pan of tepid water, not over direct heat.

Sauce Maltaise

1 recipe Hollandaise Sauce
3 to 4 tablespoons fresh orange juice
Grated rind 1 orange

To the finished Hollandaise, beat in the orange juice by spoonfuls, then the orange rind.

Serve with asparagus or broccoli.

Cumberland Sauce

2 cups red currant jelly (1 1/2 jars 10-ounce size)
Juice 2 oranges
Juice 2 lemons
Grated rind 1 orange
Grated rind 1 lemon
4 teaspoons arrowroot
2 cups port wine
2 tablespoons Grand Marnier (optional)

Melt the currant jelly in a saucepan, add the strained orange and lemon juice. Bring to a boil, then simmer about 3 minutes. Mix the arrowroot with enough of the port to make a smooth paste, then stir into the fruit mixture and cook, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened. Add the lemon and orange rind, the remaining port and, if you like, the Grand Marnier. Makes about 5 cups but recipe can be cut in half successfully.

Serve cold with either hot or cold ham, venison, pheasant, or other game. This sauce keeps well-refrigerated.

Sauce Béarnaise

1/4 cup wine vinegar
1/4 cup dry white wine or dry white vermouth
1 tablespoon minced shallots or green onion bulbs
1 tablespoon fresh or 1/2 tablespoon dried tarragon
Freshly ground white pepper
Pinch salt
1 recipe Hollandaise Sauce

Combine all the ingredients, *except the Hollandaise*, in a saucepan. Bring up to boil over moderate heat and cook until the liquid has reduced to 2 tablespoons. Strain and cool.

Mix into the warm Hollandaise Sauce.

Serve with broiled steak, poached or fried fish.

Holiday Pudding Hard Sauce

1/4 pound (1 stick) sweet butter, softened
1 1/2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
1 egg yolk, beaten
2 to 3 tablespoons Cognac or brandy

Work the sugar into the butter with your hands until creamy. Then stir in the beaten yolk and flavoring until well combined. Refrigerate in a serving bowl, garnished with candied cherries. Makes about 1 1/2 cups.

Serve cold with the hot Holiday Pudding.

Chocolate Sauce

1 package (12 ounces) semi-sweet chocolate pieces
2 squares (1-ounce size) unsweetened chocolate or 2 envelopes no-melt chocolate
1 tablespoon powdered instant coffee
Dash salt

1 cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons Cognac (optional)

Combine both chocolates, coffee and salt in the top of a double-boiler. Melt over hot, *not boiling*, water. When melted, take off the heat, stir in the cream and Cognac. Makes about 1 1/2 cups.

Serve warm or cold over ice cream, fresh cup cakes or a light chocolate cake. Keeps well refrigerated.

by HELEN McCULLY

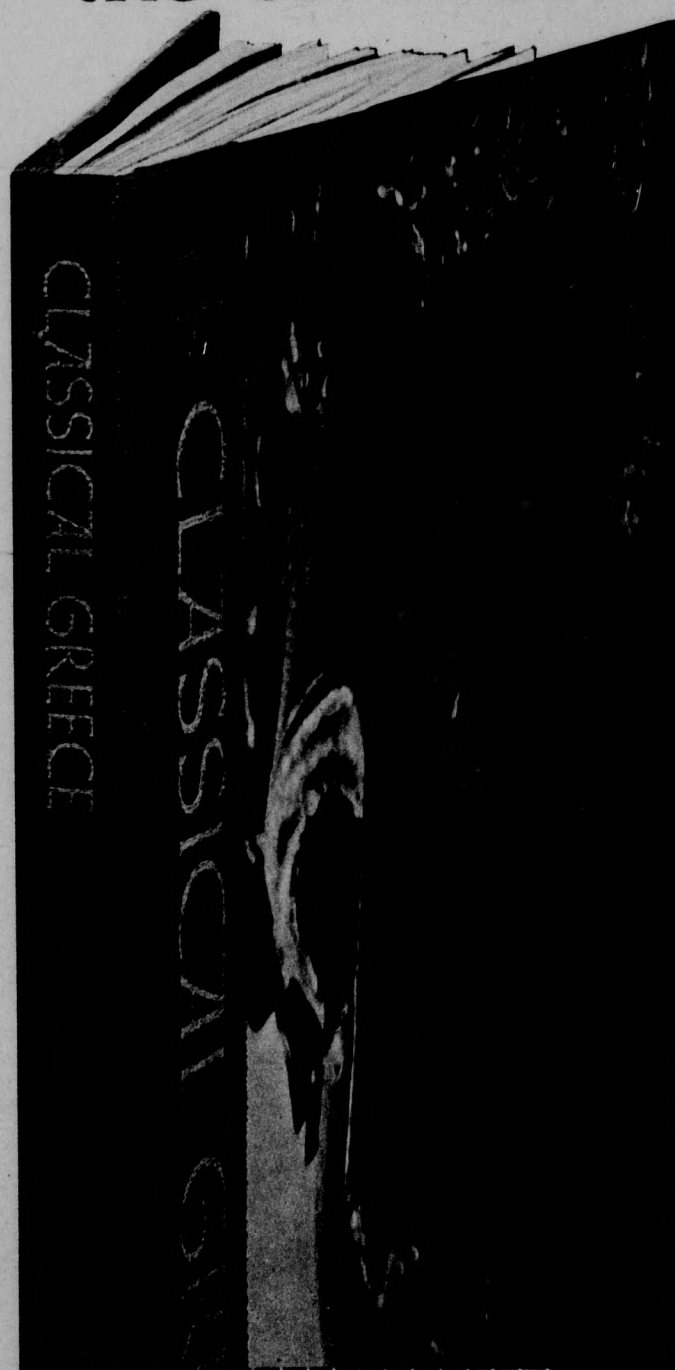
Food Editor of House Beautiful and author of the soon-to-be released book, "Nobody Ever Tells These Things." She also has co-authored two other books, "The Other Half of the Egg" and "The Christmas Pony," both to be released early next year.



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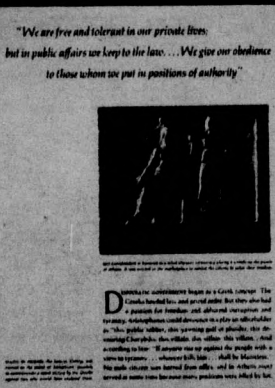
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